Not Too Late

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/46632295.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Overwatch (Video Game)
Relationships:	Cole Cassidy/Hanzo Shimada, Fareeha "Pharah" Amari & Cole Cassidy
Characters:	Cole Cassidy (Overwatch), Hanzo Shimada, Ana Amari, Fareeha "Pharah" Amari
Additional Tags:	Hurt/Comfort, Canon-Typical Violence, Nightmares
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-04-20 Completed: 2023-04-24 Words: 11,881 Chapters: 2/2

Not Too Late

by CallaLily000

Summary

Cassidy's not new to nightmares, but these new reoccurring nightmares are starting to get to him.

Notes

Beta read by the lovely HeadphoneArcheologist!

Chapter 1: Nightmares

Cassidy carefully makes his way through the alley, keeping ears out for any sign of an enemy. He has broken off from the group and is slowly making his way into enemy ranks, hoping to catch a lone agent or two off-guard. Not the best strategy, but one he tries every now and then regardless. Sometimes it actually works.

He manages to come across some poor sap who seems by themselves, and Cassidy wastes no time getting to work. He lobs one of his grenades at them, readying Peacemaker to put a few bullets in them for good measure.

The grenade goes off, not quite killing them, but before he can line up a shot, three other agents have appeared out of nowhere, throwing healing nanomachines to undo all of the damage Cassidy had just done. And now all four agents are looking at him.

“Ah, hell.”

Cassidy rolls back, just barely dodging the spray of bullets that come his way. He zigzags his way back through the alleys, hoping to shake them off, or at least make chasing after him more trouble than it’s worth. Either way, it apparently worked, as the sound of footsteps fades into the distance.

He sighs and makes his way back to where he had last seen the bulk of the team. At least he’s not coming back with damage that needs healing and with nothing to show for it.

Before he can get there, a voice crackles over his comm.

“This is Agent Hanzo. I’m being pursued by hostiles, requesting backup.”

Hanzo sounds as calm as he always does, but that doesn’t stop the adrenaline from pumping through Cassidy’s veins. The rest of the team is too far away to be able to help, Cassidy is the closest agent. He’ll have to get to Hanzo as soon as possible.

“This is Agent Cassidy, on my way Hanzo, just hang tight until then.”

He rushes down the street, past rows and rows of cars and streetlights and buildings, before Hanzo finally comes into view. He’s being pursued down the street by three enemy agents, and who knows how many he’s already taken out. But now he’s running out of ways to evade them.

Hanzo swiftly takes out one of them and sets his sights on a second, but he won’t be able to take down the third before they can get a shot on him.

Cassidy sprints down the street towards them, and trains his gun on the third agent. He fires a shot, but they don’t go down. He fires a second, but they stubbornly remain standing.

“Dammit! C’mon!”

Cassidy sprints towards them, desperate to reach Hanzo, but the street seems to be stretching longer in front of him, keeping him away from him. He fires two more shots, his frustration and panic building as his shots continue to go wide. He's running out of time and for some reason he can't seem to land a single decent shot. His aim has never been this bad.

Finally, using the last bullet in his gun, Cassidy buries the bullet in the enemy agent's head. He turns to scan the street for Hanzo's form, and he finally spots him. Only he's already crumpled on the ground.

Cassidy takes off at a dead sprint.

"Hanzo!"

Cassidy's heart pounds in his ears, louder than his rushed footsteps.

His mind races, thinking the worst but desperately hoping…

His steps slightly slow as he approaches Hanzo on the ground. There's so much blood, coating Hanzo's clothes and spilling into the street. He lays there, completely still.

Cassidy reaches out to him but he already knows.

He was too late.

Cassidy clenches his fist, feeling a resistance that shouldn't be there. He can't breathe and he can't think, his brain too busy whipping itself into a frenzy. He feels a pressure start to build around him that he can't shake off, keeping him from going to Hanzo.

"Hanzo…"

Cassidy thrashes his limbs around, until one of his arms finally breaks free and his wrist slams into something hard.

"Son of a-!"

He abruptly sits upright, breathing hard. He whips his head to look at whatever his arm had run into and he sees a wall. His bedroom wall. His heart is still beating like mad as the gears in his head slowly start turning. He's in his bed, in Watchpoint Gibraltar. It was a dream.

A nightmare.

Cassidy is no stranger to nightmares, but this was a new one. He can't shake the chill running up his spine, and before he knows it, he's out of bed, thrown on some clothes and out the door.

He needs to see Hanzo.

***

"Hey, there you are! I've been looking for ya!"

Hanzo turns his head just slightly towards Cassidy standing behind him. He's kneeling on one of the Watchpoint rooftops, facing the rising sun.

It had been just past 3 in the morning when Cassidy had flown out of his bedroom, desperate to see Hanzo. In his frenzy, it didn't occur to him that 3 in the morning was a rather odd time to seek someone out, and that if it were just about anyone else in Overwatch, they would most likely be asleep. Luckily, Hanzo is usually an early riser, assuming that he sleeps at all, so there was a decent chance that Cassidy would be able to find him at one of his usual haunts around the Watchpoint.

Unfortunately, Hanzo has several haunts, in the most remote of places, and frequently switches between them, as though to avoid being found. Flighty bastard.

In the time it took Cassidy to find him, he'd calmed down from his post-nightmare haze, but it had done absolutely nothing to get the image of Hanzo dead in the street out of his mind. He had to see him.

He must have been standing there in a daze, basking in the image of Hanzo alive and well, because Hanzo turns further to face him, clearly growing impatient.

"Did you need something?"

"Oh, um." Shit. He can't exactly say that he just wanted to make sure he's not dead, but in all of his time spent searching, he never thought about what he would say instead. He has to think of something fast. "I was just wonderin'..." He swallows hard, racking his brain for something to say. "I was just wonderin' if you'd like to go on a hike with me this mornin'."

Hanzo raises an eyebrow at him.

He tries to stutter off an explanation. "It's just that it's been a while since we went, and since it's such a nice mornin' and all…" He trails off and awkwardly rubs the back of his neck. Not the best excuse he's ever come up with but it'll have to do.

"It is unlike you to suggest such a thing. It is not exactly your favorite pastime." Hanzo's eyebrow is still raised, and the corner of his mouth is just slightly upturned in a smirk.

Cassidy internally winces. He's not exactly wrong, Cassidy has never been the biggest fan of hiking. He likes being out in nature, but he just wasn't built for the steep mountains of Gibraltar. Despite that, he's occasionally offered to join Hanzo on some of his walks through the mountain. To help keep him in shape, he'd say.

"Well, I guess I just feel more up to it today." That definitely wasn't true, especially given his lack of sleep, but since he's already in this hole, he'd might as well keep digging.

Hanzo looks over him for a moment before standing from his kneeling position. "Very well. I shall accept your offer."

"Really?" He hadn't actually expected him to say yes.

“Yes. A walk sounds pleasant. You are correct, it is a lovely morning, and I recently discovered a path that might make for a decent trail.”

Cassidy takes a deep breath, steeling himself for a morning climbing rock faces and walking on narrow ledges and whatever else Hanzo considered a ‘decent trail.’

“Lead the way darlin’.”

***

Cassidy places a hand on the rock, making sure to get a good grip, and starts cursing every god he’s ever heard of under his breath as he drags himself up onto yet another ledge. He manages to bring himself up to a shaky standing position, but doubles over as he tries to catch his breath. His arms ache, his legs can barely hold his weight, and his lungs are on fire. He’s not sure how high up they are, but the air is definitely thinner up here and that is not helping matters.

“I thought you said you were feeling up to this today.” Hanzo calls down to him from his perch, the hint of a smirk in his voice.

He must be feeling charitable because he’s stayed only a few feet above Cassidy the whole trip, rather than the few dozen feet lead he normally maintains.

“I was, until you had us scaling a goddamn mountain.” When he looks up, he can just barely see Hanzo’s face past the next ledge. He doesn’t even have the good grace to look even slightly winded, the bastard. “Why couldn’t we have taken one of the nice mountain passes. You know, the ones you can actually walk on.”

“If you wanted to take one of those, you should have said so.”

Cassidy grumbles to himself a bit more as he readies to haul himself up the next ledge.

“Here.” Hanzo’s voice comes from much closer than it had a moment ago, and Cassidy looks up to see Hanzo on the ledge above him, holding a hand out to him.

Cassidy studies the hand for a moment, before reaching out to it and in one fluid motion, Hanzo gracefully lifts him up onto the ledge next to him.

Cassidy gives him a smile, trying not to breath quite so hard. “Thanks, darlin’.”

Hanzo has a full on smirk. “You looked like you could use the assistance.”

“Hey, we can’t all be mountain goats.”

“Yes, some of us have to settle for being bulls.”

“Hey, no settling here, I’m damn proud of it.”

Hanzo huffs, almost a laugh as a hint of a smile crosses his face. He looks up the mountain. “It is not much further to the top, and there is a much easier path we can take to get down.”

Hanzo turns back to Cassidy with that playful smirk. “Do you think you can survive that?”

“With your help, I might not keel over just yet.”

To Hanzo’s credit, he does help Cassidy make it the rest of the way up the mountain, and it even seems to make him slightly winded, which Cassidy takes as a victory. At least he’s not the only one who struggles to haul his weight around.

Once they reach the top, Cassidy can’t help but gasp as he takes in the view. This must be one of the tallest mountains in the area because all of Watchpoint Gibraltar stretches out beneath them in the distance. Miles of the surrounding terrain are visible to them before the cliffs drop off into the ocean, which stretches on to the horizon.

Cassidy gives an appreciative whistle. “Now that’s one hell of a view. Almost makes the climb worth it.”

Hanzo hums in agreement as he sits on a nearby rock and takes a drink from his gourd. When Cassidy takes a seat next to him, Hanzo offers the gourd to him. Cassidy gratefully takes it from him and takes a quick swig.

Hanzo keeps his eyes on the horizon. “It truly is a lovely morning.” Hanzo quietly murmurs as a smile ghosts across his face.

As Cassidy looks on at Hanzo’s smile and he can’t help but agree.

***

When they make it back to the Watchpoint, Cassidy is tired, but not dead on his feet like he was on the way up the mountain. Hanzo was right, the route they took back down was much easier. He’d almost be mad that they didn’t take that route up, but there were some upsides to having Hanzo help carry him halfway up the mountain.

It takes some convincing, but Cassidy manages to get Hanzo to follow him to the base kitchen. After all there’s no better time to have breakfast than after a brisk morning hike. Or rather, a morning death trip up a cliff face.

When they enter the kitchen, they’re greeted with the sight of Genji and Zenyatta sitting at the small table. Genji has his face plate removed, and a cup of tea in front of him.

Genji looks up at them when he hears them come in. “Oh, good morning! Rare to see you two in the kitchen this early. And you’re both all sweaty, too. What have you been up to?” There’s a suggestive tone in his voice, with a smirk on his face.

“Alright you little twat.” Cassidy takes a swipe at the back of Genji’s head as he walks past him, and Genji effortlessly dodges out of the way, letting out a little laugh as he does. “We just got back from a hike.”

“Is that what they’re calling it these days?”

“Been calling it that for the last few centuries or so, if I’m rememberin’ right.”

Genji laughs as Zenyatta chimes in his greetings. “Good morning Agent Cassidy, Agent Hanzo.”

“Mornin’ Zen.” Cassidy greets him as he makes his way to the cabinets, while Hanzo just hums as he follows behind him.

Hanzo starts opening the pantry when Cassidy calls out to him. “Hey, I got this. I’ll make breakfast for both of us this morning.”

Hanzo gives him a frown. “Are you sure?”

“A’course! Consider it thanks for comin’ out with me this morning. But it’ll be a western styled breakfast, if that’s alright with you.” Hanzo still doesn’t look convinced. “How bout this, I make breakfast today, and then you make breakfast for us the next time I do a favor for you?”

Hanzo huffs. “Fine then.” He warily eyes the ingredients as Cassidy pulls them out. “I’ve never had your cooking before, can you even cook?”

“Course I can. Just ask Genji, he’s had my cooking before.”

Hanzo looks back to Genji. “He cooks like an American. It’s greasy, but admittedly good.”

Hanzo makes a face back at Cassidy. “That does not inspire confidence.”

Cassidy waves a hand at him. “Bah. You’ll like it, promise.”

Hanzo hums. “We’ll see.”

***

It’s raining. There’s a muggy fog hanging thick all over the streets, making it difficult to see anything through the haze. Despite that, Hanzo’s eyes remain focused, scanning windows, rooftops and street corners, as though his eyes can straight through the fog. Cassidy wouldn’t be surprised to learn that they can.

Cassidy tries to stifle a yawn. Rainy days have always made him sleepy, and on top of that he hasn’t been getting a lot of sleep lately.

“Do not fall asleep.” Hanzo’s voice is sharp, enough to knock Cassidy out of his daze.

“I’m not, I’m not.” He waves Hanzo off and directs his attention back to keeping a lookout.

He does mean it though. He’s here to back up Hanzo and that’s exactly what he’s going to do. He wouldn’t be able to fall asleep even if he hadn’t slept for a week.

“Perhaps you should get some more sleep.”

Cassidy snaps his head back to look at Hanzo. “Pardon?”

“Not now of course. But when we get back.” To Cassidy’s surprise, Hanzo draws closer and places a hand on his cheek. It’s soft. “You look tired. What’s bothering you, Cole?”

Cassidy’s breath catches at Hanzo referring to him by his first name. “It’s nothin’, promise.” The warmth from Hanzo’s hand seeps into him, making it difficult to think.

Hanzo hums as he scans Cassidy’s face, his eyes full of concern. “If you are sure.” He pulls his hand away and Cassidy has to resist the urge to grab his hand again and put it back.

“I’m alright darlin’.” Hanzo keeps his eyes trained on Cassidy, and Cassidy tries to avoid his hard gaze. “It’s just that-” He doesn’t know what he was planning to say after that, but it stops mattering as Cassidy spots a glint and movement in a window across the street. “Hanzo! Snip-”

Hanzo had already started moving as soon as Cassidy spoke, his bow fully drawn. But they’re both cut off by a loud crack that fills the air. Hanzo’s arrow flies through the air, followed quickly by the bow falling out of his hands as his grip in his other hand loosens, and he goes tumbling to the floor.

“Hanzo!”

Cassidy drops to the floor next to him, his chest tightening and his throat closing. He pulls Hanzo to him, desperate for something he can do, but there’s nothing to be done.

He should have seen the sniper sooner, should have called him out to him much sooner. But he was too late, again.

…Again?

Cassidy slams awake, suddenly all too aware of the dream. He sits up in his bed, panting hard and drenched in sweat. It has been nearly two weeks since Cassidy’s first dream like this, and he’s lost track of how many this makes now.

He tries to calm himself down. At least this dream had the decency to be unrealistic. Hanzo would never let himself be out sniped like that. He would have spotted them and dealt with them before Cassidy even noticed they were there. He’s seen Hanzo do it himself dozens of times before. It would never happen.

It would never happen.

But he still can’t forget the feeling of Hanzo, limp in his arms.

***

These dreams are starting to piss Cassidy off. The nightmares keep waking him up, and they leave him restless enough that sleep often escapes him anyways, no interruptions required. The lack of sleep is really starting to take its toll on him. He’s managed the couple of missions he’s gone on well enough, but he’s not sure how much longer he can keep this up. He’ll probably have to go and see Angela eventually, but the thought makes him wince.

For now, he settles on just aimlessly pacing around the Watchpoint. Maybe it's an attempt to tire himself out enough to sleep dreamlessly, or maybe it's just to get his mind off it. Whatever it does for him, he likes to tell himself that it's helping.

When his wandering takes him by the training grounds, any thoughts he may have had are interrupted by the familiar sounds of the training robots blasters and the explosions they make when they're destroyed. Curiosity gets the better of him and he ducks in to see who's decided that they want combat overtime.

Rather than seeing the person in question, he sees an arrow fly across his vision first. It pierces the armor of one of the training bots, causing it to explode, and solidly answering Cassidy's question.

It's a moment before Hanzo finally comes into view. His eyes are sharp, looking out for any movement to signal an enemy, and the moment he does, the robot is dealt with quickly. He paces the training grounds like that, stalking his prey and eliminating them without so much as being spotted.

Cassidy leans on the rails of the raised platform that overlooks the training grounds, more than happy to just watch the show. He can feel the tension from the nightmare bleed out from him. Seeing Hanzo like this, he almost seems invincible. No sniper, or anyone else for that matter, could ever best him. A part of his mind hisses back that it's a foolish thought, especially in their line of work. But it's a comforting thought nonetheless.

Hanzo is more than capable. He doesn't need Cassidy to protect him.

"Are you just going to stand there gawking or were you actually planning to train?" Hanzo has finally gone still and he doesn't even look at Cassidy as he speaks. There's no telling when he noticed he was there. Cassidy wouldn't be surprised if he noticed as soon as he arrived.

Cassidy opens his mouth to speak, but before he can, Athena chimes in over the training room speakers.

"Simulation complete. Would you like to run another?"

As soon as Athena is finished speaking, Cassidy gives Hanzo his most charming smile. "I was actually thinkin' of just gawking, if you don't mind."

Hanzo finally turns to look at him, an unamused look on his face. "Get down here, Cassidy."

Cassidy tips his hat at his as he steps away from the railing. "Yes, sir."

As he steps out to the training room proper, Cassidy gives Peacemaker a once over, making sure it's loaded and ready to fire. Hanzo quickly paces the training room, gathering any arrows that still look usable and placing them in his quiver.

When he's done, Hanzo and Cassidy start to gravitate to the same spot near the middle of the training grounds, an unspoken meeting that comes with having done it dozens of times

before.

“Athena,” Cassidy starts the familiar command, only half paying attention to the words as he keeps his eyes on Hanzo’s form, drawing closer. “Calibrate the simulation for two agents.”

Cassidy and Hanzo finally meet at their spot, stepping close, facing each other only a few feet apart. Cassidy’s body hums in anticipation for the battle, and something else that he doesn’t currently care to contemplate.

“Calibration complete. Are you ready to begin?”

Cassidy gives Hanzo an easy smile, not taking his eyes away from his face. “I’m always ready when I’ve got you at my side, darlin’.”

Hanzo huffs and rolls his eyes, turning his face away slightly. But Cassidy doesn’t miss the small smile that plays across his lips.

“Beginning simulation.”

In perfect unison, they turn away from each other as the robots start spawning in, seemingly out of nowhere. They quickly get to work, dispatching bots as quickly as they appear. They move as a single unit, keeping a practiced distance between them so that the other is always at their back, but never so close as to get in each other’s way. When they do move away from each other, Hanzo to get a better vantage point or Cassidy to land a grenade on one of the bots, they always keep each other in their sights, before inevitably drifting back together. It’s as though there’s an invisible tether running between them, keeping them close.

Whenever an enemy gets too close to Hanzo, Cassidy always makes sure to take them out so as not to disrupt Hanzo’s full draw on further enemies. Hanzo never falters, no matter how close they get, as though he knows Cassidy will take care of them. And undoubtedly, Hanzo is in turn picking off enemies that are setting their sights on Cassidy, enemies that Cassidy might not have even noticed were there.

They work like clockwork and keep pace with the waves of training bots, but not without effort. Athena’s simulations are no joke, but maybe Cassidy and Hanzo had been doing too well on their last few simulations because Cassidy swears there’s a lot more of them this time. He’s seen four agent simulations that were easier than this.

Cassidy’s breathing starts to get heavy from the toll of it, and he can hear Hanzo’s breathing start to get labored as well. But having Hanzo by his side fills with a new resolve to push through, keeping his senses sharp for any potential threats to Hanzo. Hanzo might be capable enough that he doesn’t need Cassidy to protect him, but that doesn’t mean that he’s not going to anyway.

The spawn rates must of spiked, because all of a sudden they're not keeping up and the waves of bots swarm them, slowly forming a tight circle around them. But Hanzo and Cassidy don’t falter, they just keep picking the bots off one by one as they approach, slowly drawing closer to each other as they do.

Finally, the crowd of robots starts to thin until there's only a few left. His whole body aches, worn from lack of sleep and overuse, but Cassidy keeps his focus and sets his sights on a robot poised to send a blaster shot right into Hanzo's back. Cassidy steps forward and his brain only barely registers Hanzo abruptly stepping towards him as well. As Peacemaker fires, Cassidy can *feel* Hanzo release an arrow and two bots explode nearly simultaneously on either side of them.

Cassidy freezes. His right arm holding Peacemaker is outstretched just above Hanzo's left shoulder. Their chests are mere inches apart, only barely enough for Hanzo to have drawn his bow. They're close enough that Cassidy can feel Hanzo's heavy breaths ghost across his neck. And, bow still outstretched and draw hand still up by his shoulder, Hanzo isn't moving either.

His heart pounding in his ears, Cassidy slowly forces himself to look down at Hanzo, who in turn slowly looks up at him. Their eyes lock and Cassidy can feel his breath hitch. Their heavy breathing gradually slows, falling into pace with each other until they're breathing in sync. And those eyes, boring into him and pulling him in. Cassidy is locked in place. He can't move, and he can't look away.

He's overcome with a sudden overwhelming urge to wrap his arms around Hanzo and pull him in even closer. His right hand is all too eager to drop Peacemaker in pursuit of this, while his left arm slowly starts to raise towards Hanzo's waist. His brain barely registers Hanzo's left arm start to lower, and his right hand start to raise.

"Simulation complete. Would you like to run another?"

Both men jump at the sudden sound and the spell is broken. Cassidy isn't sure if he jumped away from Hanzo, if Hanzo jumped away from him, or both, but there's suddenly a lot more distance in between them.

Cassidy desperately wants to close the distance again, but before he can try, Hanzo takes another step back, keeping his eyes off of Cassidy's face.

"No, I would not, Athena." Hanzo's voice is curt, and Cassidy can't even begin to decipher the look on his face before Hanzo has turned toward the training room door and started a brisk pace towards it.

Cassidy's brain and body move way too slowly, only barely registering what's going on around him. By the time he gets his wits back, he's only able to catch a glimpse of Hanzo slipping out the training room door.

"Wait, Hanzo!"

Cassidy chases after him before he has a chance to question his own movement. He practically bursts through the training room door, but the hallway doesn't show a trace of Hanzo. He's gone, and if he doesn't want Cassidy to find him, there's no way he's going to.

Cassidy lets out a growl of frustration. "Dammit, Athena!" Cursing himself as much as the AI for his slowness at every moment of the last minute. He should have pulled him in before

Athena spoke, should have stopped him from leaving, should have-

“Apologies Agent Cassidy, would you like to file an official complaint?”

Cassidy groans again at the thought of Winston receiving a complaint report on this of all goddamn things. “No. No, do not do that.”

“Understood.”

Cassidy lets out one last groan before resigning to head back to his room. He’s way too tired for this.

***

The warehouse is dark. Cassidy’s eyes have adjusted to make use of what little moonlight is drifting in through the windows, but it doesn’t help the numerous shadowed corners and crevices that surround him. All he can do is keep his senses sharp for any signs of threats.

The area should be clear, at least for now. Hanzo and Cassidy had made sure of that. They had easily dispatched all of the enemies that had been posted on the elevated walkway overlooking the warehouse. A perfect sniper position.

Hanzo stands at Cassidy’s side, keeping watch over the warehouse floor while Cassidy monitors all entrances to the walkway. He keeps a watchful eye on the dark corners as well. Who knows what kind of tricks their enemies have, and these shadows were starting to make him nervous.

Before long the fight begins in earnest, Hanzo taking out key members of the enemy forces while Cassidy takes out anyone who comes up to try to stop him. They work smoothly together, as they always do, and their forward team makes steady progress through the warehouse, all according to plan.

A shiver runs up Cassidy’s spine.

“A dark step.”

A far too familiar, but unsettlingly distorted, voice calls from one of those shadowed corners.

Not him, not now!

Cassidy swings around just in time to see the figure emerge from the smoke. Cassidy throws one of his grenades that magnetizes to the attacker’s armor without fail, but just before it goes off, he dissolves into smoke again, dropping the grenade uselessly on the ground.

Dammit, if only he had his stun grenades!

Cassidy can only watch as the smoke snakes around him, past him, towards Hanzo.

“Hanzo!”

Hanzo whips around, bow fully drawn, and fires just as the figure solidifies in front of him. The arrow clips the edge of the white mask, but its owner presses forward undeterred. A shotgun materializes out the smoke in his hand and levels it at Hanzo's chest, followed by a deafening CRACK!

Cassidy manages to catch Hanzo before he hits the ground. He draws Peacemaker and fires a few shots but the assailant has already dissipated back into smoke, leaving only an echoing maniacal laughter that seems to be coming from everywhere.

Hanzo gasps in Cassidy's arms as blood spreads across the front of his clothes, the shotgun shells undoubtedly pierced his lungs, and probably his heart. Cassidy frantically tries to radio for help, but hears only static.

That, and the maniacal laughter of the Reaper echoing in his ears.

Cassidy can still hear that bastard laughing as he wakes from the dream. Before he can fully process anything he's already ripped his pillow off the bed and thrown it across the room. It's followed shortly by the digital alarm clock on his bedside table, shattering it against the far wall.

Cassidy pants from the panic and stress and sudden exertion so soon after waking up as he leans against the bedside table. Currently, it's the only thing keeping him upright. His body is wound tight and feels like it might snap at any moment.

That wouldn't happen, he tries to reassure himself as he works at steady his breathing. Reaper is targeting former members of Overwatch. There's no way he would ignore Cassidy and target Hanzo instead, tactical priorities be damned. Cassidy knows all too well that while Gabe is a soldier through and through, he will compromise missions over personal grudges. There's no way he would target Hanzo instead.

Unless… unless he knew how Cassidy felt about Hanzo. At his worst Gabe was more than capable of being that cruel, and Reaper was only Gabe at his worst.

Cassidy tightens his grip on the table, the stupid terrible thought having made the possibility far too real. His muscles tense and with a guttural yell the table is sent flying to the wall where it shatters against the concrete.

Cassidy collapses back onto the bed and buries his face in his hands, trying to keep his mind blank long enough to calm down. He's not sure whether he wants to scream, cry, or both. In any case, he's at serious risk of breaking his hand on the wall if he doesn't calm down soon.

"Good morning, Agent Cassidy."

Cassidy doesn't bother to stifle the groan as Athena's voice floats in from somewhere in the walls and ceiling. He is not in the mood for this shit.

"It seems that some items in your room have sustained damage beyond repair. Would you like to submit a request to replace them?"

Cassidy lets out a long sigh.

“Sure.”

***

To say that Cassidy is in a bad mood would be an understatement. He’s been avoiding everyone else like the plague, more for their sake than his. He doesn’t trust himself to be pleasant company. Most of the other agents had taken the hint and stayed out of his way. But he couldn’t say that for everyone.

Of course it's Fareeha who corners him. She catches him in the kitchen when he snuck in to make a sandwich. She might have even been waiting for him there. Conniving little thing, taking advantage of his need to eat.

“What’s got you in such a sour mood? You look like you might bite someone’s head off. That why you’re avoiding everyone?”

“Leave me alone, Fareeha.” He tries to push past her out the kitchen door, plate in hand, only for her to plant her hand firmly on the door frame, effectively blocking his exit.

“Not until you tell me what’s wrong.”

He glares her down, but she only levels her own glare in response.

He sighs, exasperated. “I’m just tired is all. Haven’t been able to sleep much and it’s starting to piss me off.”

She nods, as though something clicked into place for her. “So that’s what’s been up with you lately. I thought you seemed off. Have you gone to see Angela about it?”

“No,” Fareeha opens her mouth but before she can scold him he quickly adds, “Not yet, at least. Probably will, eventually.” He takes the opportunity to push past her arm and into the hall.

He starts walking back to his room, but she’s not about to let him go that easily, apparently. “You should go today.”

“No, not today.”

“Cole-”

“Not. Today.” He turns back to her and stresses each word with a hiss. “Does it really seem like I’m in the mood to deal with her shit right now? Believe me, it’s in all our interests that I don’t. I’ll do it later.”

She looks like she wants to continue to protest, but before she can, they’re interrupted by Winston coming down the hall.

“Ah, Cassidy, I’ve been looking for you!” He must not have gotten the memo yet about Cassidy being in a bad mood. “Athena put in a request to replace some of the furniture in your room. What happened?”

Cassidy whips around, already regretting what he’s about to do. “Cause I broke it.” He snaps at him, and feels a small sting of guilt as Winston recoils back. “Now unless you have any more stupid questions, I’ll be going.”

He turns around to see a few curious faces that must have gathered at the scene. A sting of embarrassment bites at his edges, but he is just too damn tired to care right now. He marches right past all of the watching eyes and heads to his room.

When he reaches the door he hears yet another soft set of footsteps approach him. He whips around, too tired to recognize the familiar sound, letting out a frustrated “What now?”

He stops short upon seeing Hanzo behind him, eyebrow raised.

Cassidy lets out a long sigh and leans back on his door. “Sorry Han, just in a bad mood today.”

“I noticed.” He studies Cassidy carefully before continuing. “Cassidy, what’s wrong?”

He gives him a half hearted wave. “‘S nothin’. Just tired is all.”

“Cassidy.”

“What?” As much as he may want to, he can’t help the frustration that bleeds into his voice.

“Cassidy, I’ve seen you sleep deprived more times than I care to recall, and it’s never made you angry. Not by itself at least. What’s wrong?”

Cassidy sighs again and looks to the door frame, carefully avoiding Hanzo’s gaze.

“Nightmares.” He mutters.

“Nightmares?”

Cassidy nods. “Been having recurring nightmares the last few weeks. Been keepin’ me awake.”

Cassidy chances a glance at Hanzo just in time to see him give an understanding nod. No doubt he’s no stranger to nightmares. Probably no one here is.

Still makes him feel pathetic to admit it, though.

“It hasn’t been that bad, but… last night’s was particularly… unpleasant.”

He really doesn’t want to get into details, and thankfully, Hanzo doesn’t ask, only nods again.

“Come with me. I have something to show you that might help.”

***

Whatever Cassidy expected, it did not include trekking through the back passes of the Gibraltar mountains. Again. But it is Hanzo, so maybe he should have expected this.

“Where exactly are we goin’ again?” Cassidy ducks his head under a rock overhang as they pass into another cave system.

“You will see when we get there. Stop asking.”

Cassidy sighs. At least this walk hadn’t been too bad so far. They’ve been out for nearly half an hour and Cassidy didn’t feel like dying yet. That’s a good sign.

Hanzo deftly moved through the cave system, picking specific branching paths and ignoring others. Cassidy had to make sure to keep him in sight so he didn’t get lost in the maze.

“How do you even find these places?”

“I often explore the mountain paths and caves. It helps me think.”

“You must need to think a lot.”

Hanzo is quiet for a moment, giving Cassidy just enough time to regret his choice of words before-

“Yes, I do.”

“...Right.”

They settle into an awkward silence, Cassidy unsure of what to say. Before he can settle on something, he hears the gentle sounds of running water echo from further on in the cave.

“Nearly there now.”

Cassidy gives Hanzo a nod, and follows quietly behind.

The small tunnel before them opens into a large cave, filled with the sounds of water. A small river of water pools into a shallow pond in front of them, before continuing on further into the caves. The reflections of the moving water dance along the roof of the cave, as it glitters from streaks of some crystal in the rock, that is then reflected in the water below. Together, they create an illusion of stars surrounding them.

Cassidy can’t help but gasp at the sight. “I see what you mean about seeing when we get there.”

Hanzo hums, and Cassidy sees him nod in his periphery. “I found this place last week. I had been considering bringing you here. Today seemed like a good opportunity.”

“I’ll say…” Cassidy stared at the light reflections, mesmerized. “This is one hell of a place you’ve found.”

Hearing Hanzo move, Cassidy turns to see him sit at the edge of the water. He looks back at Cassidy and motions to him, and Cassidy joins him at the water's edge. When he's settled, Hanzo wordlessly holds out his flask to him, which he takes from him and takes a quick drink from.

They sit there for awhile, just basking in the beauty surrounding them.

Hanzo finally breaks the silence as he turns to Cassidy. "Has this helped you take your mind off things?"

Cassidy lets out a quiet chuckle. "More than you know." He turns to Hanzo to see the lights of the cavern reflected in his eyes. He gently places his hand over Hanzo's on the ground between them. "Thank you."

Hanzo looks down at their hands, then quickly looks away from Cassidy, with just the hint of a soft smile on his face. "I'm glad." He makes no effort to move his hand away, and neither does Cassidy.

Cassidy feels a swell of contentment, just as Hanzo shifts his hand underneath Cassidy's so it's palm up and interlaces their fingers. He keeps his gaze resolutely away from Cassidy's face, but Cassidy can just barely see the hint of a blush over his ears.

Cassidy lets out another soft chuckle, and squeezes Hanzo's hand. They lapse back into comfortable silence.

***

"Cassidy? Cassidy, do you copy?"

The voice startles Cassidy, and he shakes his head to rouse himself back to alertness. Man, he is not getting enough sleep. After Hanzo had taken him to the cove, he'd gotten a few blissful nights without nightmares, but it didn't last. They were back in full force, like the reprieve hadn't even happened.

"Hmm. Yeah I'm here, what's up?"

Pharah gives a huff over the comm before continuing. "How are things looking over there?"

"Nothing since I cleared out the agents guarding here. This area isn't exactly a priority."

Cassidy was assigned to cover a hidden back alley in the outskirts of the metro area. Way out of the way of the predicted payload path. There's a decent chance Talon hasn't even noticed that their agents here have been taken out, much less care. Cassidy has a sneaking suspicion that he was assigned here because it's so out of the way, given how out of it he's been recently.

He really needs to go see Angela soon.

Pharah continues her check-ins, with various agents chiming in with whatever of relevance they have to add.

It’s been nearly five minutes since the fight broke out in earnest. When Overwatch arrived they had methodically wiped out nearly all of the Talon forces in place to make sure their weapons shipment got through the city. But now that payload was on the move and Talon, having noticed their agents being taken out, is coming out in full force.

Except not here. At this rate, Cassidy really is at risk of falling asleep.

He tries to keep alert to his surroundings as he idly listens to the chatter on the comm. He can feel his focus go in and out as his comprehension of what's said gets periodically fuzzy.

Until one voice brings his mind into sharp focus.

"My position is compromised. I have to move."

It's the first time he's spoken since the start of the mission. It's often said amongst Overwatch agents that if Hanzo speaks over comms something is very wrong.

He sounds calm and confident like he always does, but there's a slight breathiness that Cassidy recognizes. He's running.

Before Cassidy even realizes what he's doing, he's taken off.

There's voices on the comm asking about Hanzo's status, asking if he needs back up, but Cassidy can barely hear them over the pounding in his ears.

After seconds that feel like hours, Hanzo's finally comes over the line again.

"I'm being pursued. I've taken down 3 of them, but there's at least 4 more. Maybe more."

There's more voices over the line, concerned tones. Cassidy hears Pharah, but he can't make out what she's saying over the growing buzz in his ears.

He can barely see the alleys he’s running through either. All he can see is the building Hanzo was perched in, the layout leading to its elevated top floor, the alleys surrounding it, and the Main street running next to it. His mind scans every passageway, trying to determine where Hanzo would go if he was pursued. There’s plenty of possibilities. Too many possibilities.

Assuming any of them are available to him.

More voices over the comm. Agents offering their assistance and asking for his location but Hanzo has stopped answering. Pharah directs agents towards Hanzo’s last position, but everyone else is too far. At this point, Cassidy is closest.

Finally, Main street comes into view. It’s empty, for now. The payload is due to come through here, but not for several minutes, assuming it even gets that far. Most of the action will be further up the road.

He keeps running, his eyes immediately drawn to the only building he currently cares about, scanning for any sign of movement.

And they find it.

Hanzo comes bursting out of one of the windows on the second floor of the building, making a graceful roll onto the street below. As soon as he rights himself, his head swivels on his shoulders, looking for any signs of danger. And for good reason too, he might have shaken off his pursuers, but he's hardly safe. In the middle of the street he's too open, too vulnerable.

Cassidy keeps running. He spots a glint in one of the building windows. Hanzo hasn't seen them yet, but they've seen Hanzo.

Every single swear Cassidy can think of is running through his mind. This is starting to feel way too much like one of his nightmares. Did he actually fall asleep after all? Is this all just a dream?

Either way, he’s not about to take the chance that it isn’t.

He keeps running, but he can’t get a good angle on the shooter, not in time. And Hanzo won’t have time to turn around and line up a shot if Cassidy tries to warn him. There’s only one thing he can do, the only thing he can think of.

He keeps running, before firmly planting his feet near Hanzo. He can hear Hanzo start to turn towards him, but Cassidy keeps his back to him and takes aim.

If he’s lucky, he’s got one shot.

He raises his arm up to aim, but before he can pull the trigger, something impacts his chest, causing his shot to go wide. He tries to correct his aim, but there’s a second impact.

Then a third. Then a fourth.

Pain flares throughout his body and the world starts to spin. There are more impacts, but he wills himself to stay standing until they stop. Only then do his feet go out from under him.

Hanzo yells something behind him. He’s not sure what, but it grabs his attention and a wave of relief washes over him. He’s ok. And with any luck, the shooter will have to reload and Hanzo will have a chance to take them out. Cassidy knows he will.

He feels a hint of a smile cross his face. Finally, he’s not too late.

Chapter 2: Waking Up

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Cole!”

Hanzo can do nothing but watch as Cassidy collapses in front of him. Panic starts to well in his chest, but years of ingrained training forces himself to deal with the immediate threat first. Based on the angle Cassidy was shot from, he’s able to quickly locate the shooter. They’ve stopped firing for now, reloading most likely, and one arrow is all it takes to take them out.

Hanzo hadn’t even noticed them a moment ago. He had tried to locate any threats, but from such an open position he couldn’t scan his surroundings fast enough. Normally, this sort of a position was far less than ideal, but his pursuers hadn’t given him much choice. At least he seems to have shaken them for now. And with all of the immediate threats dealt with, he’s able to turn his attention to the other pressing issue.

Cassidy.

Going to his knees at Cassidy’s side, he takes initial stock of his condition. He's out cold, but to Hanzo’s relief he's still breathing. For now at least. Hanzo counts 7 bullet holes in Cassidy’s chest. They must have been armor piercing rounds because it looks like they punched right through Cassidy’s chest armor. There’s no telling how much damage they caused underneath. Hanzo curses under his breath.

Hanzo can feel panic bubble up again, but he pushes it back down. He can’t afford to be hindered by panic. Cassidy’s life weighs on Hanzo’s next actions.

First things first, Hanzo will have to move him. He’ll risk aggravating his wounds, but he has no choice. This position is far too open, too exposed. There may be no threats for now, but it won’t stay that way. They’ll both be gunned down if he doesn’t get them to cover.

As Hanzo lifts Cassidy’s chest up in preparation to carry him, he activates his comm.

“Agent Cassidy is down.”

“What’s his status?” Pharah is quick to respond, as usual, but Hanzo is able to detect a slight edge of panic in her voice. Hanzo can hardly blame her. He doubts his own voice is very steady.

“7 gunshot wounds to the chest. He’s still breathing, but unconscious. I need medical assistance.” Hanzo gathers up Cassidy in his arms and lifts him into the air as fast and as carefully as he can manage, grunting at the effort. Good gods this man is heavy.

“What’s your location?”

“East end of main street.” Hanzo spies a nearby building with wide pillars out front that should provide sufficient cover. “I’m moving him to a more secure position. Next to the entrance of a large brown building. Approximately 15 floors, large black wooden doors, wide pillars in front.”

“Roger, help is on the way.” Rather than Pharah, the voice belongs to the older Amari. Hanzo can’t help but marvel at how calm Ana sounds. He knows how important Cassidy is to her.

“Main street? What the hell is he doing all the way over there?” Pharah shares none of her mother’s calm as her voice gives way to exasperation. “He was stationed by 18th street!”

Hanzo sets Cassidy down in the shadow of the building’s entrance. “I don’t know.” Hanzo’s voice sounds hollow in his ears as he goes over the last few moments. “He just appeared out of nowhere.”

Hanzo had heard him coming, the jingle of his spurs giving away his approach and identity. That was the only warning he had before Cassidy was right next to him, standing between Hanzo and the shooter.

Directly facing the shooter.

Hanzo’s train of thought comes to a screeching halt as something occurs to him. He looks back over at the unconscious man next to him. He couldn’t have…

Could he?

Hanzo’s new line of thought is interrupted by a figure approaching from the shadows. Hanzo brings up his guard briefly before he recognizes the silhouette and the sound of the footsteps.

“Ana.” Hanzo turns to the figure to see her emerge from the shadows. She spares Hanzo a brief look before going to Cassidy’s side.

“Foolish boy.” Her voice is soft and sad.

She begins examining the wounds before digging in her bag for her equipment. Ana activates her comm.

“The bullets have pierced through Cassidy’s armor and into his chest. I can’t assess the extent of the damage right now. I won’t be able to remove his armor or the bullets here either. We need a medical evacuation, asap.” Ana withdraws a syringe from her bag and starts administering it to Cassidy as she speaks. “I’m administering a coagulant to prevent him from bleeding out. It’ll buy us some time, but not much.”

“Roger.” Pharah sounds to have calmed some, but the edge of panic is still present. “Team B, make sure the area is clear, and hold a perimeter at the end of the block. Reinhardt, you’re on escort.”

“Right away!”

Hanzo breathes a sigh of relief. Thank the gods he has such capable allies. After so many years alone, it's still hard to believe.

"Ana…" She looks up at him before Hanzo even realizes he had spoken. But at this point he might as well continue. Ana knows Cassidy better than Cassidy knows himself, if anyone could answer Hanzo's questions, it would be her. "He didn't- He wouldn't…" Hanzo takes a deep breath. "Please tell me that he did not take those bullets for me."

Ana gives Hanzo a sympathetic look.

Foolish boy.

Hanzo's heart clenches.

His eyes go to Cassidy's face, and he swears he can see the ghost of a satisfied smile across his face.

If Cassidy doesn't survive this, Hanzo is going to kill him.

***

The tension in the room is palatable. Several of the agents are trying to remain casual, quietly talking amongst themselves, while others remain perfectly silent. But the reason they're all gathered in the common room sits heavily on them all.

It's been almost 2 hours since they returned from the mission and Mercy had rushed Cassidy to her med bay. Most of Overwatch's agents had gathered, eagerly awaiting news of his condition. Hanzo sits in a secluded corner of the room, Genji at his side. It's taking all of Hanzo's energy to maintain his composure and it seems Genji was able to pick up on it.

Genji gently pats Hanzo's arm. "He will be fine, brother. He's survived worse than this."

Hanzo nods.

It's another agonizing 30 minutes before they hear quiet footsteps echo down the hall, and Pharah enters the room. The room goes silent as all eyes snap to her.

She takes a slow look around as the whole room holds its breath. "He's stable. He hasn't regained consciousness yet but Angela says he'll be fine."

Everyone gives a collective sigh of relief, a couple agents even give a small cheer. They resume idly chatting amongst themselves, the mood in the room permanently lightened.

Hanzo lets out the breath he was holding for what feels like hours, the tightness in his chest finally unwinding.

Genji gives him a pat on the shoulder. "See? I told you he would be fine." Hanzo manages to give him a small nod before he moves on to talk to some of the other agents.

“I still don’t understand what he was doing there.” Hanzo is startled out of his thoughts by Pharah’s voice cutting through the crowd. “He was stationed nearly half a mile away. When did he even get over there?”

Her exasperation is given no answers as the other agents shrug and express their own confusion. The tightness in Hanzo’s chest returns, guilt mounting with every beat of his pounding heart. He swallows hard, wondering if he should say anything.

A gentle hand touches his shoulder. He turns to see Ana giving him a small sympathetic smile.

“You don’t have to tell them if you don’t want to.” She gives his shoulder a gentle squeeze. “This wasn’t your fault.”

Hanzo appreciates her concern, but he can’t bring himself to agree. It was his own actions that placed himself in danger, and Cassidy by extension. Sure, he had been forced into that position, but there had to be something else he could have done. Some way that Cassidy didn’t need to get hurt to save him.

But in the end, he says nothing.

***

Hanzo scales down the side of the building, finding perches on window sills and lamp covers. He moves silently through the still night, keeping to the shadows where he can so he’s not given away by moonlight. He can’t help but think back to the work he used to do for the Shimada clan, assassinations in the dead of night. Or perhaps the decade he spent in hiding, evading the attention of Shimada and then Hashimoto assassins.

But somehow, the stakes now feel higher than they’ve ever been. If Mercy catches him, she would certainly murder him. But even so, it’s worth the risk.

He arrives at the window he was aiming for and slides it open before quickly sneaking inside and closing it behind him. All while maintaining perfect silence. He takes a deep breath, before turning to face the figure lying on the infirmary bed.

Cassidy is sleeping soundly as Hanzo approaches his bed. His complexion has returned to normal and his breathing is steady. By all appearances, it’s as though he’s merely sleeping, and Hanzo can almost pretend that he is. That he was never hurt.

Last he’d heard from Mercy, he still hadn't regained consciousness.

Hanzo silently moves a chair closer to the bedside and gingerly takes a seat. Before he can stop it, his hand has found its way on the bed and wrapped around Cassidy’s. His hand is warm. Reluctant to let go now that he has it, Hanzo resigns himself to continue holding it.

Foolish boy.

Even now, Ana’s words echo in his head, circling in an endless loop. Foolish indeed. What could have possibly possessed him to do such a thing? Hanzo can’t even begin to imagine. It

was incredibly foolish. There just isn't a better word for it.

Hanzo isn't sure how long he sits there, holding onto Cassidy's hand as though it's his last lifeline. Perhaps hours. Meanwhile, restless thoughts continue to swarm around him.

A squeeze of Hanzo's hand brings him out of his thoughts. He looks up to Cassidy's face to see it scrunched up and stirring, the upper half of his body shifting slightly, before his eyes blink open.

Hanzo quickly yanks back his hand.

Cassidy blinks a few more times before he turns to Hanzo and his bleary eyes focus.

"Han?"

Hanzo starts. He wasn't expecting him to wake up now. "I-I'm sorry," He manages to stutter out. "I didn't mean to wake you."

"'S fine." He turns over and gives Hanzo a sleepy smile. "Always good to see you."

Hanzo's heart skips a beat and grapples for something to say, but he just ends up stammering.

Cassidy slowly starts to sit up and Hanzo starts forward.

"I don't think you should-"

Cassidy just waves him off. "'S fine, I'm awake now." He rubs his eye as he glances out the dark window. "'Sides, I get the feeling I've gotten plenty of sleep."

Hanzo can't help but give him a frown. "Perhaps you still need more."

Cassidy laughs. "Maybe." Cassidy looks at Hanzo and gives him a small smile. "But I think it can wait."

Hanzo swallows, trying to fight the blush that's threatening to creep onto his face.

Cassidy looks around the room. "Back in the med bay huh? What brings you round here?" Cassidy rubs his eye again and stifles a yawn. "Can't imagine Angie approved of a little midnight visit."

"She did not." Hanzo takes a deep breath. "But I had to see you. I had to make sure you were okay."

Cassidy quickly turns to him, giving him a puzzled look. "You don't say?" Slowly, his face turns into a blinding grin. Hanzo can feel his heart flip. "Well, I'm mighty glad you did."

Hanzo can only stiffly nod before lapsing into an awkward silence.

Cassidy doesn't seem to mind however, as he stretches his arms up and stifles another yawn.

Hanzo can't help but blurt out the most pressing question on his mind. "Why did you do it?"

Cassidy looks at him, confused. “Do what?”

“Do you not remember? You were shot, seven times.” Hanzo plows on before he can even think about stopping it. “Those bullets were meant for me.”

Cassidy gives him a surprised look, before it morphs into a sheepish one. “Well that’s- I mean…” He rubs the back of his neck, not meeting Hanzo’s eyes.

“You spotted that shooter before I did and got directly in their path. Why?”

“It was all I could think of to do. I knew I wasn’t going to be able to take them out before…” Cassidy briefly meets Hanzo’s eyes before turning away again. “It was the only thing I could think of to do to protect you.”

“Cassidy.” His voice is sharp and Cassidy jumps and snaps to meet his eyes. “Do you truly mean to tell me that you were willing to trade your life for mine?”

Cassidy averts his gaze again and rubs the back of his head. “Um… yes?”

Hanzo can barely breathe and he really wishes his head would stop spinning. “Are you mad?” Despite it all his voice comes out remarkably clear.

“Maybe just a bit.”

Hanzo closes his eyes and takes a steadying breath. “Promise me you’ll never do such a foolish thing again.”

“See, I can’t do that darlin’.”

Hanzo’s eyes snap open and he bores into Cassidy. “Why not?”

“Cause…” Hanzo waits for him to continue as Cassidy sits there shuffling, as though nervous. “I couldn’t stand it if anything happened to you. So… I’ll always do whatever I can to protect you. No matter what it takes.” Despite his shuffling, his voice carries confidence.

Hanzo closes his eyes again and takes a deep breath in and out. His skin is buzzing but he forces himself into something that resembles calm.

“Fine then.” He opens his eyes and stares directly into Cassidy’s. “Then I suppose that I’ll just have to take extra care in the future to ensure that such drastic measures aren’t necessary.”

“That’s not- this isn't-”

“In exchange,” Hanzo quickly speaks, cutting off Cassidy’s stammering. “I suggest you do the same. Lest I be encouraged to do something similar.”

Cassidy blinks. “Ah, that…” Cassidy gives him wide eyes before he swallows hard and gives Hanzo a sheepish smile. “Alrighty then. I think I can do that.”

“Good.”

Before he can stop himself, Hanzo has reached forwards and placed his hand on Cassidy’s cheek. He slowly brushes his thumb just under Cassidy’s eye. His gaze is drawn to focus on Cassidy’s mouth, lips just barely parted in surprise. He brings his gaze up to stare into Cassidy’s wide eyes.

“Foolish man.”

Hanzo can feel Cassidy swallow, and he gives Hanzo a small smile. “Guilty as charged.”

This stupidly foolish and wonderful man. Far more than Hanzo could ever deserve. But what does that matter when they both already belong to each other.

Hanzo brings their faces closer until they're mere centimeters apart. Hanzo gives Cassidy a smile in return, before he closes the gap between them, pressing his mouth to Cassidy’s lips.

Cassidy’s mouth opens for him and Hanzo takes it gladly. Cassidy brings his arms up around Hanzo’s waist, pulling him closer and Hanzo goes willing, pressing forwards into him. He surges forwards, climbing onto the bed and settling in Cassidy’s lap, kissing him with everything in him. Cassidy kisses back just as hard, his hands pressing into Hanzo’s back, keeping him close.

Hanzo finally pulls back for air, but Cassidy’s hands keep him from going very far. But there’s enough space that Hanzo is able to reach a hand up and push back an errant lock of Cassidy’s hair away from his face. From there, Hanzo’s hand drifts down caressing Cassidy’s face, thumb brushing against his cheek.

Cassidy meets his eyes and gives him a wide smile. He leans into Hanzo’s touch, before leaning forwards to nuzzle into Hanzo’s neck. Hanzo settles his arms around Cassidy’s neck, pulling him in close.

“For what it’s worth,” Cassidy speaks into his neck, just barely turning up to look at him. “I am sorry.”

Hanzo huffs. “You are not.”

Cassidy laughs. “Okay, I’m not sorry for saving you.” He presses Hanzo into him further. “But I am sorry for scaring you.” He finally looks up and brushes a hand across Hanzo’s face. “I never want to hurt you.”

Hanzo gazes into Cassidy, mentally tracing every faded wrinkle across his face. He couldn’t look away even if he wanted to.

“I know.”

He presses his head down to kiss him once more.

***

“It still doesn’t make any sense!”

Ana watches as her daughter paces back and forth across the room. She had come nearly half an hour ago under the guise of seeking comfort, but clearly she just wanted someone to listen to her rant. Angela must have already sent her off for the night for her to have come here.

“Habibi, your tea is getting cold.”

Ana had made her a cup when she first came over but she’d hardly touched it. In fact, she’d hardly even been in the chair on the other side of Ana’s small table. But it’s understandable. Cole had nearly died during an op she was in charge of.

“I just don’t understand! How did he make it all the way over to main street? And when? And why?!” She makes another lap of the small room, no doubt wearing the already thin carpet. “He didn’t tell anyone that he was leaving his post. No one even saw him! And it’s not like him to be out in the open, so how did this happen?!”

Ana takes a sip of her tea before addressing her daughter. “Fareeha, calm down and think it through. What was of note on main street?”

“What was of note-? There wasn’t anything there! The payload hadn’t even arrived there yet-”

“Oh, there was something there alright. Or more specifically, someone.”

Fareeha gives her a confused look, a slight tilt to her head.

“Let me ask you this, who reported Cole’s injuries?”

“Hanzo.”

“Now ask yourself, what was Hanzo doing on main street? He wasn’t stationed there either.”

Fareeha furrows her eyebrows, bringing her hand up to her chin. She stares pointedly at the ground, deep in thought.

“His position was compromised,” she starts slowly, recalling the day’s events. “I sent Tracer to back him up but he was already gone, and he wasn’t able to tell us where he went. If he ended up on main street, he must have been pushed there by his pursuers.”

Ana gives her a pointed look. “Out into the open.” Fareeha gives a serious nod. “Now ask yourself again, what was Cole doing on main street?”

Fareeha furrows her eyebrows again, but then her eyes go wide as understanding dawns on her.

“Oh that stupid lovestruck idiot!”

***

It's good to see everyone in high spirits again. Cassidy's been out of the med bay for nearly a week and is now officially cleared for active duty again. A cause for celebration, so of course a few agents insisted on throwing a little party. At the very least, it's nice to be able to look out at the common room to see bright smiles and agents laughing as they talk amongst themselves.

But the smile Cassidy cares about most is the smile of the man sitting on the couch next to him. Of course, he's not smiling right now. Hanzo mostly just looked mildly uncomfortable, surrounded by all the people and with the occasional agent coming over to talk to Cassidy and offer congratulations.

No, he usually saved smiles for when they were alone. Just the thought of it brings a smile to Cassidy's own face.

"What are you grinning about?"

Cassidy looks over to Hanzo next to him and gives him a smile. "Nothing much." He takes one of Hanzo's hands in his own, interlacing their fingers. "Just happy is all."

Hanzo gives him a small smile in return, and Cassidy can't help but smile wider. Hanzo hums in understanding, leaning into Cassidy slightly.

The two of them have been practically inseparable since Cassidy woke up. The others noticed of course, but no one was really surprised. Genji just gave an enthusiastic "It's about time!" before setting on to relentlessly tease Hanzo. Cassidy had just smiled through it all.

Hanzo gives his hand a squeeze before gently letting go as he gets up off the couch. "I'm going to get another drink. I'm assuming you'll want one as well?"

"You know it. Thanks darlin'."

Hanzo gives him another small smile and Cassidy can feel his heart flip. He's more than content to watch Hanzo as walks away into the crowd.

Cassidy is still smiling when Fareeha takes a seat on his other side.

"Hey."

Cassidy looks over to her and gives her a wry smile. "Hey yourself."

They haven't talked much since Cassidy woke up. She's been by to visit a few times and offer a few curt words, but she's been more distant than usual. And Cassidy has got an idea for why.

He's pretty sure she's mad at him.

She proves this by delivering a swift and strong punch straight to his arm.

"Ow!" Cassidy rubs his arm while giving her a look. "What was that for?"

“If you get yourself shot in order to get laid again, I’m going to kill you myself.”

“Hey now, I didn’t get myself shot in order to get laid. Getting laid was an unintended side effect.”

She responds with another punch to the arm. Exact same spot, too.

“Ow! Give a man a break!”

“Never.”

It’s then that Hanzo arrives back, two drinks in hand.

He spots short upon seeing Fareeha and gives her a curt nod. “Pharah.”

She responds with a nod of her own. “Hanzo.” She gets up from the couch and takes a step towards Hanzo. “Do me a favor, and take care of this idiot for me, yeah?” She tips her head towards Cassidy as she speaks, before turning and giving Cassidy a hard stare. “Since he’s apparently incapable of taking care of himself.”

She looks back at Hanzo in time to see him give her a solemn nod. “I intend to.”

“Glad to hear it.” She gives Hanzo a light clap on the shoulder as she walks past, leaving to rejoin the rest of the party.

Cassidy is still rubbing his arm as Hanzo sets the drinks down on the table and retakes his seat.

“Did she punch you?”

“Yeap, sure did.”

“Good. You deserved it.”

Cassidy can’t help but laugh. “Can’t argue there.”

As soon as Cassidy stops rubbing his arm, and puts his other arm back at his side, Hanzo grabs his hand, interlacing their fingers. With a sigh, he leans into Cassidy, leaning his head on Cassidy’s shoulder.

Cassidy turns to give a kiss to the top of Hanzo’s head, before leaning his head against Hanzo in kind.

***

When Cassidy wakes up, the bed is colder than he's gotten used to. A hand reaching to the other side of the bed confirms that he's alone. Cassidy tries not to be too disappointed. Hanzo's late night wanderings had certainly lessened since he started sleeping in Cassidy's bed, but they hadn't stopped completely. It's also possible he just had some mission prep to do or got called to a meeting.

It doesn't make him miss the cuddles any less.

As he's contemplating whether he should get up or not, his attention is taken by sounds coming from the hallway. And as they get closer, they seem to be accompanied by some very appetizing smells, too.

Cassidy sits up in bed as the door opens, revealing Hanzo balancing a tray in his other hand.

His eyes widen slightly when he spots Cassidy. "Oh, you're awake."

"Yeah, hey darlin'. What you got there?"

"Breakfast." He sets the tray down on the small table. On it there's rice, grilled fish and a couple other dishes. "I took the opportunity to make it for us."

Cassidy's face breaks into a grin. "You are an angel."

Hanzo rolls his eyes but there's a hint of a smile.

Cassidy gets up out of bed and moves to the table. "What's the occasion?"

"Well, you made breakfast for us last time, and you said that I would make breakfast for us when you did something for me."

Cassidy raises an eyebrow at him. "What did I do?"

Hanzo gives him a flat look. It's a familiar one, he's seen it plenty in the last couple of weeks.

"Ah, right. The whole 'getting shot' thing."

Hanzo nods as Cassidy picks up a pair of chopsticks off the tray. "This mean you're not mad at me over that anymore?"

"No, I'm still mad at you." His voice then turns from stern to soft. "But I am still grateful."

Cassidy gives him a smile. "I'll take it." He takes Hanzo's hand and leans down to give him a kiss, before they both sit at the table.

"Now then, let's eat."

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!